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see his 'Gleanings'
p. 122

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LYRICS OF LIGHT AND LIFE.



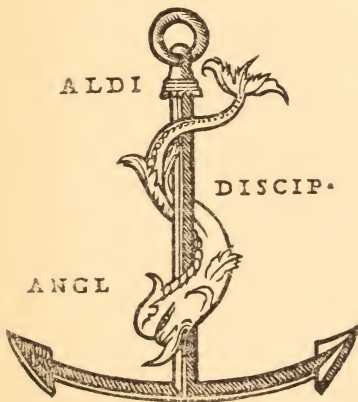
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APR 27 1885

Lyrics of Light and Life:

LIV. Original Poems by

DR. JOHN H. NEWMAN, *William Alexander, Bp. of Derry, Christina G. Rossetti, Aubrey de Vere, J. C. Earle, W. Chatterton Dix, Rev. Gerard Moultrie, Rev. Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, Rev. R. H. Baynes, H. W. Mozley, Rev. A. M. Morgan, Rev. Edward Caswall, B. Montgomerie Ranking, Rev. R. S. Hawker, Rev. John Purchas, Rev. W. J. Blew, Rev. Dr. Monfell, Hedley Vicars, H. M. Stuart, D. Mackworth Dolben, &c.*
Edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L.



LONDON: PICKERING & CO., 196, PICCADILLY.

1878.

Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.



Forte scutum Salus Ducum.



*Dedicated with Respect and Regard to the Right
Honourable Thomas Fortescue, Lord Clermont,*



✠ FIDE ET



CONSTANTIA.



*And to Louisa, Lady Clermont,
of Ravensdale Park, in the County of Louth.*



✠ *Beati*



pacifici.



PREFATORY NOTE.



CANNOT send forth this volume without placing on record my great obligations, and heartiest thanks, to all those whose valued and truly-prized contributions have made it what it is. This I now do.

Planned more than ten years ago, and put aside for some time by other and more pressing duties, it has been to me at once an agreeable relaxation and a very great pleasure, from time to time, to secure from many friends and others the various Christian Lyrics which follow,—for which I here express my sincere acknowledgments. I feel deeply honoured by having been permitted to gather and arrange such a poetical posy; and this from so many who have won their laurels.

Two of the contributors, whose memories are frequently before me, my old and dear friend the Rev. John Purchas, and Mr. Mackworth Dolben, of Finedon Hall,—a young writer of intense refinement, deep spirituality, and great promise, (who met an untimely death,) have passed away from sight and ken.

The poems of these writers may be all the more valued, therefore, because with them the pen has been laid down, the hand is cold, and the heart is still.





I have only to add that no author is responsible for anything more than his own contribution.

F. G. L.

All Saints' Vicarage, Lambeth,

November 4, 1874.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



It is a source of satisfaction to me that a book which appealed neither to the ordinary multitude nor to commonplace tastes, has so soon reached a second edition. This, having been carefully revised, only differs from the first in that it contains eleven new poems. To the respective authors of these I tender my sincere acknowledgments.

Since its publication three more of the original contributors have passed onward to the life beyond the grave—Mr. Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenstow; Father Caswall, of the Birmingham Oratory, and Dr. Monfell. *Requiescant in pace.*

F. G. L.

Invention of the Holy Cross,
1878.






TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	AUTHOR.	PAGE
B LOW and Above	<i>Lord Bishop of Derry</i>	1
My Birthday	<i>Very Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D.</i>	6
A Rose Plant in Jericho	<i>Miss Christina G. Rossetti</i>	11
The Silver Army	<i>Rev. John Purchas, M.A.</i>	13
The Basilica of St. Mark, Venice	<i>Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L.</i>	18
A May Carol	<i>Aubrey de Vere, Esq.</i>	20
From the Cloister	<i>Digby Mackworth Dolben, Esq.</i>	22
Defecration	<i>W. Chatterton Dix, Esq.</i>	28
On the Baptism of a Child	<i>Miss Nora Batt</i>	31
The Death of Ermengarde	<i>Aubrey de Vere, Esq.</i>	35
India's Dream	<i>Rev. Arthur Middlemore Mor-</i> <i>gan, M. A.</i>	37
Our Rest	<i>Mrs. Frederick George Lee</i>	41
The Sister of Mercy	<i>Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, Esq.</i>	44
The Other Side	<i>Rev. R. H. Canon Baynes, M.A.</i>	54
White is the colour of Angels	<i>Rev. George Akers, M.A.</i>	56
Our Lady of the Snows	<i>"B."</i>	59





	AUTHOR.	PAGE
“Let the Hills hear Thy Voice”	<i>Rev. Henry Nutcombe Oxen-</i> <i>ham, M.A.</i>	62
The Servant of Christ	<i>Rev. J. S. B. Monfell, LL.D.</i>	66
Golden Rays	<i>C. A. M. W.</i>	69
Dreams	<i>Rev. John Purchas, M.A.</i>	72
In Hoc Signo Vince	<i>Anonymous</i>	73
Angelus Domini	<i>Digby Mackworth Dolben, Esq.</i>	76
The Child’s Offering	<i>Rev. William Edward Green,</i> <i>M.A.</i>	79
A Dream of Paradise	<i>Miss Helen Montagu Stuart</i>	84
The Bread of Life	<i>Anonymous</i>	87
River Thoughts	<i>Rev. W. J. Blew, M.A.</i>	91
Purbrook, Hampshire	<i>Rev. Arthur M. Morgan, M.A.</i>	94
Hymn after Holy Communion .	<i>Anonymous</i>	96
Salve mi Anglice	<i>H. W. Mozley, Esq., M.A.</i>	98
A Legend of the Weeping Willow	<i>B. Montgomerie Ranking, Esq.</i>	102
The Holy Souls	<i>Mrs. Frederick George Lee</i>	104
The Trouvère	<i>Aubrey de Vere, Esq.</i>	107
Hymn of Praise	<i>Rev. J. S. B. Monfell, LL.D.</i>	108
The Ship in the Storm	“Y. N.”	111
Corporate Reunion	<i>John Charles Earle, Esq., B.A.</i>	114
Super Flumina	<i>Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, Esq.</i>	115
Immaculata	<i>Aubrey de Vere, Esq.</i>	118
Another fleeting Day is gone .	“I.”	121





Contents.

	AUTHOR.	PAGE
In God's Sight	<i>Rev. Edward Caswall, M.A.</i>	122
Thy Kingdom Come. No. I. . . .	<i>Rev. William Edward Green,</i> <i>M.A.</i>	124
Thy Kingdom Come. No. II.	<i>Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L.</i>	126
The Two Crowns	<i>Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, Esq.</i>	131
Eventide	<i>Hedley Vicars</i>	134
Hymn for All Saints' Day	<i>Rev. Gerard Moultrie, M.A.</i>	136
The Great Cloud of Witneffes	<i>Authorefs of "The Departed</i> <i>and other Verses"</i>	138
Unknown Graves	<i>Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L.</i>	141
Manet Sabbatiffmus. . . .	<i>B. Montgomerie Ranking, Esq.</i>	144
Compline Hymn	<i>Anonymous</i>	147
Light in the Darknefs	<i>Norval Clyne, Esq.</i>	149
For a Young Girl with a Book of Carols	<i>Rev. W. J. Blew, M.A.</i>	153
Reft	<i>Anonymous</i>	155
All Saints' and All Souls' Days at All Saints', Lambeth, 1877	<i>Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L.</i>	159
Aurora	<i>Rev. R. S. Hawker, M.A.</i>	162
My Home	<i>Mifs Helen Montagu Stuart</i>	165





“ An arid plain, with rocky mountains lit,
From time to time, with sunshine, frowning by ;—
Such was my path. Alone and solitary
I took my way. So lone it might have been
My last dread journey into Death’s dark vale ;
(For each one takes that journey all alone.)
Above, black clouds ; around, the wailing wind ;
While onward, o’er the level plains of sand,
No streak of silver heralded the Day.
Yet on the wind, when o’er me darkest night,
There came glad words with music weird and faint,
LYRICS OF LIGHT AND LIFE,—angelic strains
Echoed from Home on Earth or Home above,
To speed a footfore Wanderer on his way.”

“ *The Sorrows of Sewallis.*”





Lyrics of Light and Life.

BELOW AND ABOVE.



DOWN below, the wild November whistling

Through the beech's dome of burning red,

And the Autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass, beyond the margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.





Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird,
Dash'd across the furrows dark with mould,
Flitting with the memories of our childhood
Through the trees now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits like the wind,
Thoughts that toss like leaves about the woodland,
Hopes like sea-birds flash'd across the mind.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand ;
Each some work sublime for ever working,
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity free from anxious terror,
Larger love without a touch of woe.



Down below, a sad mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth,
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the Church to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the Sacrament.

Up above, the burst of Alleluia,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapt around us like a sunlit halo)
The great vision of the Face of Christ.





Down below, cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf with faded flowers ;
Winter roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above, a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in love and light for ever,
Ordered in his place among his peers.

O the sobbing of the winds of Autumn,
And the sunset streak of stormy gold,
And the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard,
“Night is coming and the grave is cold.”



O the pale and plashed and foddren roses,
And the desolate heart that grave above,
And the white cap shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love.

O the rest for ever, and the rapture,
And the Hand that wipes the tears away ;
And the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the clay !

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

Bishop of Derry.

All Saints' Day, 1857.





MY BIRTHDAY.

LET the sun summon all his beams to hold
Bright pageant in his court, the cloud-
paved sky;

Earth trim her fields and leaf her copses cold;
Till the dull month with summer-splendour vie.
It is my Birthday;—and I fain would try,
Albeit in rude, in heartfelt strains to praise
My God, for He hath shielded wondrously
From harm and envious error all my ways,
And purged my misty sight, and fixed on heaven
my gaze.

Not in that mood, in which the insensate crowd
Of wealthy folly hail their natal day,—
With riot throng, and feast, and greetings loud,
Chasing all thoughts of God and heaven away.





My Birthday.

7

Poor insect ! feebly daring, madly gay,
What ! joy because the fulness of the year
Marks thee for greedy death a riper prey ?
Is not the silence of the grave too near ?
Viewest thou the end with glee, meet scene for
harrowing fear ?

Go then, infatuate ! where the festive hall,
The curious board, the oblivious wine invite ;
Speed with obsequious haste at Pleasure's call,
And with thy revels scare the far-spent night.
Joy thee, that clearer dawn upon thy sight
The gates of death ;—and pride thee in thy sum
Of guilty years, and thy increasing white
Of locks ; in age untimely frolicsome,
Make much of thy brief span, few years are yet to
come !

Yet wiser such, than he whom blank despair
And fostered grief's ungainful toil enslave ;





Lodged in whose furrowed brow thrives fretful care,
Sour graft of blighted hope; who, when the
wave

Of evil rushes, yields,—yet claims to rave
At his own deed, as the stern will of heaven.

In sooth against his Maker idly brave,
Whom e'en the creature-world has tossed and driven,
Cursing the life he mars, “a boon so kindly given.”¹

He dreams of mischief; and that brainborn ill
Man's open face bears in his jealous view.
Fain would he fly his doom; that doom is still
His own black thoughts, and they must aye
pursue.

Too proud for merriment, or the pure dew
Soft glistening on the sympathizing cheek;
As some dark, lonely, evil-natured yew,

¹ “Is life a boon so kindly given?” &c. — Vide *Childe Harold*, cant. ii.





My Birthday.

9

Whose poisonous fruit—so fabling poets speak—
Beneath the moon's pale gleam the midnight hag
doth seek.

No! give to me, Great Lord, the constant soul,
Nor fooled by pleasure nor enslaved by care;
Each rebel-passion (for Thou canst) controul,
And make me know the tempter's every snare.
What, though alone my sober hours I wear,
No friend in view, and sadness o'er my mind
Throws her dark veil?—Thou but accord this
prayer,
And I will bless Thee for my birth, and find
That stillness breathes sweet tones, and loneliness
is kind.

Each coming year, O grant it to refine
All purer motions of this anxious breast;
Kindle the steadfast flame of love divine,
And comfort me with holier thoughts possess;





Till this worn body slowly sink to rest,
This feeble spirit to the sky aspire,—
As some long-prison'd dove toward her nest—
There to receive the gracious full-toned lyre,
Bowed low before the Throne 'mid the bright seraph
choir.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Trinity College, Oxford.

February 21, 1819.





A ROSE PLANT IN JERICHO.

AT morn I plucked a rose and gave it Thee,
A rose of joy and happy love and peace,
A rose with scarce a thorn :

But in the chillness of a second morn
My rose-bush drooped, and all its gay increase
Was but one thorn that wounded me.

I plucked the thorn and offered it to Thee ;
And for my thorn Thou gavest love and peace,
Not joy this mortal morn :
If Thou hast given much treasure for a thorn,
Wilt Thou not give me for my rose increase
Of gladness, and all sweets to me ?

My thorny rose, my love and pain, to Thee
I offer ; and I fet my heart in peace,





And rest upon my thorn :
For verily I think to-morrow morn
Shall bring me Paradise, my gift's increase,
Yea, give Thy very Self to me.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.





THE SILVER ARMY.

“There is neither speech nor language : but their voices
are heard among them.”

I.

RUTHLESSLY the bare bright wheel of
antique Time goes round,
And Middle Age has fet his foot on Youth's
enchanted ground ;

The port has waxed more stately, the brow has
sterner grown,

The smile is touched with sadness, and the man
feels more alone.

II.

Ah, me ! the golden lovelocks are changing into
grey,

For God's silver silent army, no man may keep at
bay :





And since I may not frown you down, nor motion
you away—

O silver, silent monitors! what is it ye would
say?

III.

“Where is ‘the purple light of love,’ and where
the creeds of youth?

The faith in Manhood’s honour, the repose on
Woman’s truth?

The summer friendship vanished when the storm
began to rave,

And false Egeria slumbers calmly in her village
grave.

IV.

“Life’s gambler! thou hast lost thy stake—and
what is left but gloom?

The fairy palace of Romance transformed into a
tomb.





The Silver Army.

15

Dry is now thy fountain, Numa!—gone the dreamy
grotto life—

Where the glamour of the Nymph-land—lo! the
cold decorous wife! ”

v.

O silver silent multitude! These voices are not
thine,

Thy glittering mail was forged by a Hand that is
Divine :

Numa has still a tryfing-place, Life's glory has not
flown,

For holy wedlock's crown'd Queen reigns on
Egeria's throne.

vi.

Still in my creed man's honour and woman's love
abide—

The phantasy of Boyhood with that village maiden
died.





The deep strong heart of manhood, the worship of
a life—

The stainless fame, the honoured name, these, these
I gave my wife !

VII.

The chivalry of labour is toil for others done—
By the worker, not the dreamer, are the star and
mantle won ;

Who works for home and country, for him God's
angel sings—

“ O labourer worthy of thy hire—the aureole and
the wings.”

VIII.

O mother of my children, the silvery hofts of
God

Bear in their hands enchanters' wands, and not th'
avenging rod :



They point unto the land youth deemed so very far
away¹—

But Heaven looks nearer to us when the hair is
growing grey.

JOHN PURCHAS.

¹ “They shall behold the land that is very far off.”—*Isaiab*
xxxiiij. 17.





THE BASILICA OF ST. MARK, VENICE.



STATELY palace of the Triune God,
A mystic sanctuary of gloom and gleam,
With marbled fairs, where twinkling
lamps are hung,
And joyful bells ring out with silvery tongue,
Telling how swiftly moves on old Time's stream,
And how great races knew th' avenging rod.
Nor Occidental rites are here alone,
Nor Oriental forms. Majestic songs
Of Mary, round Incarnate God's high Throne,
Sung by Her children, gathered nigh in throngs
Where still repose the relics of Saint Mark.
Link of the East and West, but One true Ark.

Nations ! turn eastward in thy western pride,
Easterns look westward—Adria is bright !





The Basilica of St. Mark, Venice. 19

Blue waters sleep around, or, night-starred, glide
Near shrines, 'mid Earth's dark desert, of God's
Light.

In peace, Lord, may thy servant now depart,
My wondering eyes have seen this heavenly fight,
And I would choose henceforth the better part :
Grant it, O Christ, whene'er draws on the Night,
After Earth's toil and moil, to where is light,
Lord, may thy servant then in peace depart !

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

Venice, Nov. 15, 1877.





A MAY CAROL.

HS this, indeed, our ancient earth ?
Or have we died in sleep and risen ?
Has Earth, like man, her second birth ?
Rises the palace from the prison ?

Hills beyond hills ascend the skies ;
In winding valleys, heaven-suspended,
Huge forests, rich as sunset's dyes,
With rainbow-braided clouds are blended.

From melting snows through coverts dank
White torrents rush to yon blue mere,
Flooding its glazed and grassy bank,
The mirror of the milk-white steer.



What means it? Glory, sweetness, might?
Not these, but something holier far—
Shadows of Him that Light of Light,
Whose priestly vestment all things are.

The veil of sense transparent grows :
God's Face shines out, that veil behind,
Like yonder sea-reflected snows—
Here man must worship, or be blind.

AUBREY DE VERE.





FROM THE CLOISTER.

A FRAGMENT.

[*The monk JEROME seated in the cloister.*]




TO have wandered in the days that were,
Through the sweet groves of green
Académé !

Or shrouded in the night of olive boughs,
Have watched the starry clusters overhead
Twinkle and quiver in the perfumed breeze—
That breeze which, softly wafted from afar,
Mingled with rustling leaves and fountain's splash,
The boyish laughter and the maiden's song.
Or couched among the beds of pale-pink thyme
That fringe Cephissus with his purple pools,
Have idly listened while sweet voices sung
Of all those ancient victories of love
That never weary, and that never die.



Of Sappho's leap, Leander's nightly swim,
Of wandering Echo, and the Trojan maid,
For whom all ages shed their pitying tears :
Or that fair legend, dearest of them all,
That tells us how the hyacinth was born.
Next to have mingled in the eager crowd
That, questioning, circled some philosopher :
Young eyes that glistened, and young cheeks that
glowed

For love of Truth, the great Indefinite.
Truth—beautiful as seem the distant hills,
Veiled in soft purple-crag, whereon is found
No tender plant in the uncreviced rock,
But clinging lichen, and black shrivelled moss.—
So should day pass, till from the summer sky,
Behind the marble shrines and palaces,
The big sun sank, reddening the Ægean Sea.
So should life pass, as flows the clear brown stream,
And scarcely stir the water-lilies' leaves.
Life here, methinks, is like to some canal,





Dull, measured, muddy, washing flowerless banks.
O funny Athens ! home of life and love !
Free, joyous life that I may never live !
Warm, glowing love, that I may never know.
Home of Apollo, god of Poetry !
Dear bright-haired god, in whom I half believe,
Come to me, as thou didst come to Semele,
Trailing across the hills thy saffron robe,
And catch me heavenward wrapped in golden mists.

I weary of this squalid holiness ;
I weary of these hot black draperies ;
I weary of the incense-thickened air,
The chiming of the inevitable bells ;
The chanting too !—can man be made for this—
To hold his tongue all day, and sing all night ?

My boyhood, hurried over, but once gone
For ever mourned—return for one short hour !
Friends of past days, light up these cloister walls





With your bright presences, and starry eyes,
And make the cold grey vaulting ring again
With tinkling laughter — Ah, they come! they
come!

I shut my eyes, and fancy that I hear
The sunlit ripples kiss the willow boughs.

But I forget myself; I must confess
All this to-morrow: thoughts—oh, let me see!—
Of discontent, and sloth, and a dislike
To hear the clanging of the blessed bells;
And something else. Ah, well! all lovely things
That this vile earth affords—wood, mountain,
stream,

The regal faces, and the godlike eyes
We see, the tender voices that we hear,
Are but mere shadows: the reality
Is—what? A something up above the clouds.
From every carven niche the stony saints
Stretch out their wasted hands in mute reproach;





And from the Crucifix, the great wan Christ
Shows me His bleeding wounds and thorny crown.
Then, hark ! I hear from many a lonely grave,
From blood-stained sands of amphitheatres,
From loathsome dungeon, and from blackened stake,
A cry—the martyrs' cry—" Behold the Man !"

I hate myself, I hate this mystery,—
The dread necessity of suffering.
Is there no place in all the universe
To hide me in ? no little island girt
With waves to drown the echo of that cry,
" Behold the Man, the Man of Calvary " ?

[BROTHER FRANCIS *crossing the cloister, sings.*]

Sweetest Jesu, Thou art He
To Whom my soul aspires ;
Sweetest Jesu, Thou art He
Whom my whole heart desires.



To love Thee, oh the extasy,
The rapture and the joy !
All earthly loves soon pass away,
All earthly pleasures cloy.

But who so loves the Son of God
Of love shall never tire,
But through and through shall burn and glow
With Love's undying fire.

[*He enters the chapel.*]

DIGBY MACKWORTH DOLBEN.





DESECRATION.



HOUSE of prayer once consecrate
To God's high service—desolate !
A ruin where once stood a shrine,
Bright with the Presence all divine !
Tread softly here ! 'tis hallowed ground,
And faithful hearts still find around
Traces of things which once were here
In days of love and reverent fear.

This is no common spot of earth,
No place for idle words or mirth ;
Here streamed the taper's mystic light,
Here flashed the waving censers bright,
Awhile the Church's ancient song
Lingered these stately aisles among,
And high mysterious words were said
Which brought to men the Living Bread.





O shame on those who will not own
The ruined shrine God's altar throne !
What though long years have come and gone
Since the last rite was duly done,
Since the last Sacrament was given,
Since the last prayer went up to Heaven !
True, men have wrought its sad disgrace,
But still it is God's Holy Place.

O it is easy work to say
" A purer Faith, a Gospel day,
Put all such holy ground aside,
And count all Nature sanctified."
It is not hard to dogmatize
And preach of " superstitious lies ;"
To mock at " priestcraft," and to search
For some pet text to curse the Church :

But it *is* hard to bear the jeer,
To have the World's cold-hearted sneer,





The sneer the World for ever flings
At holy men and sacred things.
Courage! who fight the Cross beneath
Must fight unto the very death!
Faith, Hope, and Love the World shall win
From self, from sacrilege and sin!

W. CHATTERTON DIX.





ON THE BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

MORNING.

BABE, awake! the sun is high,
See, its beams are in the sky;
Warm it shines 'mid cloudlet torn,
On thy bright baptismal morn.

Wake thee! for the Church to-day
Yearns to greet thee on thy way;
Hark! the bells ring joyfully,
Holy welcome, babe, for thee.

Child of Adam! dost thou bear
Stain of sin on face so fair?
Gift of God, oh! must we see
Sin's dark heritage in thee?






Wake thee from thy light repose !
Holy Church would thee enclose,
Thee within her arms would hold,
Make thee lamb of Jesu's fold.

EVENING.

BABY sleep ! the sun is low,
Evening shadows come and go ;
Sleep, for on thy gentle brow
Gleams the Cross of Jesus now.

Calm thou liest in thy cot,
All thy baby woes forgot ;
Fair thy dress, thy face how fair,
God's own image thou dost bear.





On the Baptism of a Child. 33

In the still baptismal hour,
O'er thee fell the Spirit's power ;
In the blest Thrice-Holy Name,
Thou art washed from sin and shame.

Brightest drops of heavenly dew,
Then refreshed thy soul anew ;
Child of God thou art become,
Heir of His eternal Home.

'Neath the Cross His children fight,
Boldly they maintain the right ;
Thou His banner must uphold,
And in His dear cause be bold.

Sleep thee, babe, beneath His care,
Angels to thy cot repair ;
Holy Guardians of the night
Guide thy tender dreams aright.



We around will kneel and pray
That the blessings wrought this day,
May through life sustain thy soul
Till it reach the heavenly goal.

NORA BATT.





THE DEATH OF ERMENGARDE.

A FRAGMENT.

(A girl speaks.)



SAD, sweet end—

She sat upon the threshold of her door :

A long night's pain had left her living still :

Her cheek was white ; but trembling round her lips,

And dimly o'er her face diffused, there lay

Something that, held in check by feebleness,

Yet tended to a smile. A cloak, tight-drawn,

From the cold March-wind screened her, save one
hand

Stretched on her knee, that reached to where a beam,

Thin slip of watery sunshine, sunset's last,

Slanted through frosty branches. On that beam

(It brightened well that faded hand), methought,

Rested her eyes, half-closed. It was not so :






36 *The Death of Ermengarde.*

For when I knelt and kissed that hand ill-warmed,
Smiling, she said, "The small unwedded maid
Has missed her mark! You should have kissed the
ring!

Full fifty years upon a widowed hand
It holds its own. It takes its latest sunshine!"
She lived through all that night, and died while
dawned
Through snows Saint Joseph's morn.

AUBREY DE VERE.






INDIA'S DREAM.

INDUS.

BROTHER ! after set of day
'Neath your western stars I lay,
And I looked on other bowers,
And I dreamed of dreaming flowers.
O how fair the garden-glades !
O how strange their central shades !
In the heart of leaf and bloom,
Lo ! a solitary tomb.

ANGLUS.

I too see, but not in dream,
'Neath all stars a garden gleam ;
All things fragrant, all things white,
There lie buried in the night.





Wonder not that one should die,
One in garden-tomb should lie,
When thou mayst that garden scan
Made a tomb, the soul of man.

INDUS.

This life's captives break their chain,
And to sunlight pass again,
This life's captives hope—the grave,
Never has set free its slave.
O the vision of my head !
Empty was that garden-bed,
And a voice struck on my ear,
“ He is risen ! He is not here ! ”

ANGLUS.

I, not less, the winter flown,
See a vision like thy own,
When, from a dead life unseen,
Wave the fields with living green ;




I shall see, and thou, and all,
At the World's great funeral,
A true garden every tomb,
Whence the dead shall spring and bloom.

INDUS.

In the place where flowers blow
Gardeners pass to and fro ;
One seemed set to dress and keep
The fair garden of my sleep.
O with wounded feet and hands
In the sunrise here He stands,
And I own Him, Seed, Sun, Showers,
Gardener of all God's flowers !

In the drought men water bring
Thirsty flowers watering :
I am thirsty ; flood thou me
With the Christ of Calvary.





ANGLUS.

In the Name of Father, Son,
And of Him, the Holy One,
Live—and light the starless sod ;
England owes to Ind her God.

A. MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.





OUR REST.

NIGHT falls apace, the shades grow long
Athwart the dewy lawn ;
Blithe birds pipe out their evenfong,
Flowers close till welcome dawn.

Behind the hill-tops, sinking low,
Passed the great Sun away ;
Now paler spreads fair saffron glow
Amid the deepening grey.

All seek repose when night is nigh—
The tender doves their nest,
The lambs, safe-folded, sleeping lie,
The babe on mother's breast.





So seek we, Lord, in Thee to rest,
Who lengthenest out our days,
Meet offerings bring—of prayer our best,
And sweetest songs of praise.

Care fills our lives—our cares on Thee
We cast from day to day :
Thy Voice sounds gently “ Come to Me
Who bare your sins away.”

Weak are our footsteps—Thine the power
To raise us when we fall ;
Full oft we stray in evil hour,
Do Thou our souls recall !

What if we lose Thee ? whence our hope ?
Who else can save or cheer ?
Dread were our doom unhelped to grope
In blank despair and fear.





But Thou art ours—True strength and stay ;
At morn our Bread of Life ;
Until the closing of Life's day
Our Peace 'mid toil and strife.

Be with us, Jesus, at the end,
When death-shades round us close,
Light in our gloom in pity send,
And grant a sweet repose.

E. LOUISA LEE.





THE SISTER OF MERCY.

I.

SHE was his playmate when a child : and,
in Life's golden hours,
He loved her as he loved the stars, as he
loved the starry flowers ;
With crown of flowers he dowered her, and all the
wealth of May,
And she was his dream-angel by night and his fairy-
queen by day.

All day she was his fairy-queen, her realms of fairy
light
Were the wild woods beautiful with flowers, and
the sun-kissed mountain height,





And the heather on the upland, and the shingle by
the sea,

And wherever she went was fairy-land, and her
own true knight was he.

All night she was his dream-angel; no crown of
flowers was there,

But a crown of starry glory beamed around her
golden hair,

And not the sunny smile of day beneath that cross
of light,

But a dreamy starry smile, like the smile of dewy
Night.

And often when in boyish glee he prattled fast and
wild,

A strange, weird awe would mingle with his love
for that fair child;





And he ceased his childish talk, and a shadow on
him lay,
For she seemed as though she heard him not, and
her heart was far away.

He saw her once at eventide: the glorious sun
went down,
And kissed her golden tresses as with an angel's
crown,
And it lay upon her pale white face, and radiant
brow upraised,
And he saw his own dream-angel, and trembled as
he gazed.

He knew his own dream-angel: those eyes of
heavenly love,
That dreamy starry smile beneath the kindling skies
above ;





And it burst upon his heart, like a flash of awful
light,
And she was his fairy-queen no more but his dream-
angel of Night.

II.

SHE knelt before the altar in bridal robes of
white ;
The church was beautiful with flowers, and blazed
with starry light ;
There were flowers above the altar, and flowers
wreathed in her hair,
And angels gazed upon her brow, and saw a star-
crown there.

She knelt before the altar: the organ pealed on
high,
They swelled the wedding hymn of joy up to the
listening sky,





And angels' harps caught up the strain, and pealed
it far away,
For God Himself comes down to claim a fair young
bride to-day.

He saw his own dream-angel: the glorious sunlight
came,
And kissed her virgin forehead with a crown of
gold and flame ;
And it lay upon her snowy flowers and on her
golden hair,
But he was kneeling far away in sorrow and
despair.

Strange strength arose within his soul: he let no
teardrop start,
He checked each wild rebellious sob that trembled
at his heart ;





And he said : “ O God, I loved her more than all
the world beside,
But now Thy Will, Thy Will be done : I covet
not Thy Bride.

“ I was not worthy of her love, this sinful heart of
mine,
Of that pure virgin heart of hers, where every throb
was Thine ;
I was not worthy of her love ; and give her up to
Thee,
And Thou wilt hear her, if perchance she pray one
prayer for me.”

The last sweet hymn has died away : the awful rite
is o'er,
And she is now a Bride of Christ, His love for
evermore :





And he bore his sorrow meekly, but his life had lost
its light,
And she was his fairy-queen no more, but his dream-
angel of night.

III.

HE lay upon the battle-field with faint
and gasping breath,
Among the dying and the dead, on that grim field
of death :

And no sweet hymn went up to God to soothe his
aching head,
But the moaning of the dying and the wailing for
the dead.

He lay upon the battle-field, and on his fevered
brain,
A thousand memories of the past came rushing back
again ;





His father and his mother, and the cottage by the
lea,
And the chair where first he said his prayers beside
his mother's knee :

And then his mother smiled on him, and tears were
in his eye,
But he knew not why he wept for her, nor what it
was to die ;
And the dance of his young life went on with all its
joy and pain,
But he never saw his mother's smile, nor felt her
kiss again.

The wild woods and the leaping brooks, and a little
child at play,
A little blue-eyed, fair-haired child, with a crown of
early May ;





And her crown became a crown of stars, and her
star-crossed brow grew bright,
And she smiled a dreamy starry smile, like the smile
of dewy night.

An altar bright with lights and flowers, and a fair
girl kneeling there,
And a breaking heart, and a stifled moan, and a
faintly-whispered prayer,
And the moaning of the dying and the wailing for
the dead,
And his own dream-angel's gentle arm around his
drooping head.

He started from his reverie, and kneeling by his
side
He saw his own dream-angel, and so in peace he
died ;





The Sister of Mercy.

53

While her prayers for him went up to God beneath
the stars all night,
And the Heavenly Bridegroom heard His Bride . . .
and now he sleeps in light.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.





THE OTHER SIDE.

“ And when the even was come, he said unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.”—ST. MARK iv. 35.



HE day was done : beside the sultry shore
The cooling shadows kissed the restless
sea,

The words of wondrous wisdom now were o'er
That make thy waves so sacred, Galilee !

The thronging multitude from far and nigh
In eager haste around His barque had pressed,
And, as He spake, the hours passed stealthy by,
And many a weary heart found peace and rest.

And then, as gently fell the evening dew,
And the long day, with all its toil, was o'er,
The Master saith unto His chosen few,
“ Let us pass over to the further shore.”





The Other Side.

55

So, when our day is ended, and we stand
At even by the marge of Jordan's tide,
O may we firmly grasp His piercèd Hand,
And pass triumphant to the "other side."

ROBERT H. BAYNES.





WHITE IS THE COLOUR OF ANGELS.

“ All glorious hues are in the pure white beam.”

KEBLE.



WHITE is the colour of angels
And of innocent virgin souls ;
White is the orbèd night-queen
In the purple sky that rolls.

White is the hue of gladness,
And of hearts that know not grief ;
White is the hue that Sadness
Aye looks to for relief.

Down from the liquid heaven
In mystic order laid,
The white stars rain at even
White joys that ne'er can fade :





White is the Colour of Angels. 57

For they rain on the solemn spirit
Musing on things above,
On the realms that we inherit
White with Eternal Love.

White in the Easter season
And at Christmas' time of joy,
Our Mother for loving reason
Ordaineth to employ.

White in the lovely May-tide
Bursteth from every bush ;
White in the face of beauty
Frameth a maiden blush.

White is the noon-tide glory
Blanching the distant hills ;
White on the ocean hoary
The storm-tossed surges fills.





58 *White is the Colour of Angels.*

White are the fields at even
 When the fresh dew on them lies ;
White is the verge of heaven,
 Ere the sun begins to rife.

I loved a white-browed maiden
 Arched o'er with gold-brown hair,
And eyne with brightness laden
 As the brightness of summer air.

O colour of white, I love thee !
 For ever amid my dreams
The shadow of white-winged angels
 To guard me with watching seems.

GEORGE AKERS.





OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

I.

THE World is very foul and dark,
And sin has marred its outline fair ;
But we are taught to look above
And see another image there !
And I will raise my eyes above,
Above a World of sin and woe,
Where sinless, griefless, near her Son
Sits Mary on a Throne of snow.

II.

Mankind seems very foul and dark
In some lights that we see them in ;
Lo ! as the tide of life goes by,
How many thousands live in sin !





But I will raise my eyes above,
Above the World's unthinking flow,
To where, so human, yet so fair,
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow.

III.

My heart is very foul and dark,
Yes, strangely foul sometimes to me
Glare up the images of sin,
My tempter loves to make me see.
Then may I lift my eyes above,
Above these passions vile and low,
To where, in pleading contrast bright,
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow.

IV.

And oft that Throne, so near our Lord's,
To Earth some of its radiance lends ;
And Christians learn from her to shun
The path impure, that hell-ward tends :





For they have learnt to look above,
Above the prizes here below,
To where, crowned with a starry crown,
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow.

v.

Blest be the whiteness of her Throne
That shines so purely, grandly there,
With such a passing glory bright,
Where all is bright, and all is fair !
God, make me lift my eyes above,
And love its holy radiance so,
That, some day, I may come where still
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow !

B.





“LET THE HILLS HEAR THY VOICE.”



HE sun shines bright and glorious, and the
hill tops are illumed

With a more than common light the day
Our Lady was assumed ;

For her the cloudless blaze of noon on the lonely
tarn is glowing,

And the many-sounding torrents chant her praises
in their flowing.

For her the golden valleys thick with cornfields
laugh and sing,

And with voices of innumerable birds the happy
woodlands ring ;

The air is tremulous with song, and a preternatural
motion

Stirs the deep music of the waves in sunless caves
of Ocean ;





“Let the Hills hear Thy Voice.” 63

And the found of many waters with accord of
solemn mirth,
Like a worship without words, goes up incessant
from the earth,
The Magnificat of mountain-streams, and—sweetest
after showers—
An odour as of frankincense, wafted from myrtle
bowers.

And shall we alone, dear Mother, when all around
is gay,
Stand mute amid the tuneful choir that hails thy
triumph day?
Nor heed the skylark’s matin hymn, flooding the
heavens with praise,
Faint echo of their angel harps who on thy bright-
ness gaze?

Shall thy children raise no anthem, all unaudienced
though it be,





64 “*Let the Hills hear Thy Voice.*”

With the living rock for temple, and the far-
resounding sea,
Rolling organ notes of jubilee, responsive to their
song,
For the Mother of the Holy One, the Merciful, the
Strong?

What if there were who loved to roam those breezy
fern-clad hills,
And to dream away the summer nights beside their
tinkling rills ;
Who thought to seek the beautiful in Earth's most
beauteous places,
While the mountain breath was fraught for them
with more than earthly graces ;

Who revelled in the warm sunshine on lake and
flowery lea,
While Nature through her sweet constraints was
drawing them to thee?—





“ Let the Hills hear Thy Voice.” 65

O speed them home, dear Mother-Maid, who linger
on the way,

Lighten their eyes who cannot see, and turn the
feet that stray !

Guide thou their weary steps through days of anguish
and unrest,

Through the darkness that is felt of doubts uncon-
quered, unconfest,

To the land beyond the Eastern hills, lapt in the
living ray

Of the Uncreated Vision, where the shadows flee
away !

HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM.





THE SERVANT OF CHRIST.

“He that is called, being free, is Christ’s servant.”

1 Cor. vii. 22.

I.



THY Hands have made me ! in soul-saving
flood
Thy Heart poured forth for me its pre-
cious Blood,
And Thy sweet Breath gave me its Life Divine ;
Therefore, my God and Saviour ! I am Thine !

II.

Thine by the mighty Maker’s matchless art,
Thine by the Passion of His broken Heart,
Marked on my brow with the sin-scaring sign,
My God ! my Saviour ! soul and body Thine !



III.


Slave of my passions, by Thy Love set free,
Bound in eternal servitude to Thee,
Thy right in me yielded with glad accord,
The slave of Christ—the freeman of the Lord.

IV.

O glorious Love! that takes that outcast Name,
Once the sad sign of suffering and of shame,
And makes it, when for Christ man doth it bear,
Than Royal titles freer and more fair.

V.

Therefore, to render up to Thee above,
All the deep tender passion of my love,
All the poor service that Thou wouldst employ,
Is not alone my duty, but my joy!





VI.

And whatfo'er I do, Lord ! let it be
Done from the heart—with single eye to Thee :
My purest motive, and my best reward,
To be Christ's slave !—the freeman of the Lord !

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.





GOLDEN RAYS.

“Through Life’s long day and death’s dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.”

F. W. FABER.

I.

WHEN tempests cease at close of day,
And evening is serene,
How welcome falls the golden ray
O'er pastoral valleys seen—
As 'twere a message sent to cheer,
By missioned angels lingering near.

II.

For, if a blinding mist of tears
Awhile obscured our sight,
The sadness of long-vanished years
Seems like a dream of Night.





When, drawing near to Jordan's tide,
Glory illumes the other side.

III.

The other side? What tongue may tell
That orient blush of Morn
Tinging the sacred lilies' bell,
And roses without thorn.
Oh that we had thy wings, fair dove,
To soar and rest in bowers above!

IV.

The peace which this World cannot give
And cannot take away
Is found when faithfully we strive
God's precepts to obey :
Prepared to breast the awful flood,
Supported on the Holy Rood.





v.

O wondrous mercy, thus to deign,
And offer lasting rest,
From sorrow, weariness, and pain,
On gentle Jesu's breast :
So may our Alleluias sweet
Adore the Blessed Paraclete !

C. A. M. W.





DREAMS.

I.



AS childhood wanes our dreams become less
fair—

Heaven has gone farther off—the
child is dead :

When Manhood dawns upon us, it doth scare
God's Mother from her watch beside our bed ;
For I believe that o'er an infant's sleep
Our Lady doth a gentle vigil keep.

II.

Thus a child's slumber is a holy thing ;
It deems its mother's kifs upon its brow
Is the soft glancing of an Angel's wing.—
Ah ! I have no such graceful fancies now !
Therefore I hold, hearing of one who can
Dream like a little child,—Heaven loves that man.

JOHN PURCHAS.





“IN HOC SIGNO VINCE.”



IN the ancient story,
Once a warrior high
Saw a Cross of glory
Flaming in the sky ;
While around it reaching,
Writ by Hand Divine,
Ran the holy teaching,
“ Conquer by this sign.”

World and flesh and devil
Seek our deadly loss,
We must fight with evil
Strengthened by the Cross ;
Thus our might renewing
By the symbol blest,
“ Faint but yet pursuing ”
Christ shall give us rest.





Sign of our salvation
Printed on the brow,
Ever fresh relation
Of a solemn vow,
May we always love thee
As our joy and pride,
Looking still above thee
To the Crucified.

In the time of sorrow
Peaceful we shall be,
Since from it we borrow
Lessons, Lord, of Thee :
In the days of gladness
We shall do Thy will,
For Thy Cross of sadness
Keeps us humble still.

Till the cord is broken
Of our earthly part,





“ *In hoc signo vince.*”

75

Let us wear the token
Near a loving heart :
When the eye is glazing
With the final strife,
Still upon it gazing
Pass from death to Life.





ANGELUS DOMINI.

A PICTURE BY B. FRA ANGELICO.

DRESS each on each, sweet wings, and roof
me in
Some closed cell to hold my weariness—
Desired, as from unshadowed plains, to win
The palmy gloaming of the oasis.

Soft wings, that floated ere the sun arose,
Down pillared lines of ever-fruited trees,
Where through the many-gladed leafage flows
The uncreated noon of Paradise.

Still wings, in contemplation oftentime
Stretched on the ocean-depth that drowns desire,
Where lightening tides, in never-falling chime,
Ring round the Angel isles in glass and fire.





Angelus Domini.

77

From meadow lands that sleep beyond the stars,
From lilyed woods and waves the Blessed see,
Pass, bird of God, all pass the golden bars,
And in thy fair compassion pity me.

O for the garden-city of the Flower,
Of jewelled Italy the chosen gem,
Where angels and Giotto dreamed a tower
In loveliness of New Jerusalem.

For these, when roseate as a winged cloud
Upon the saffron of the paling East,
A glowing pillar in the House of God,
That tower arose, the very loveliest :

Then shaking wings and voices there that sang
Pass up and down the chafed jasper wall,
And through the crystal traceries outrang,
As when from height to deep the seraphs call.





O for the valley-slopes which Arno cleaves
With arrowy heads of gold unceasingly,
Parting the twilight of the grey-green leaves,
As shafted sun-gleam on a rain-cloud sky.

*

For there, more white than mists of bloom above
When sunset kindles Luni's vineyard height,
Strange presences have paced the olive grove,
And dazed the cypress cloister into light.

But not for me the angel-haunted south—
I spread my hands across the unlovely plain,
I faint for beauty in the daily drouth
Of beauty, as the fields for August rain.

Yet hope is mine against some eastern dawn,
Not in a vision, but reality,
To see thy wings, and, in thine arms upborne,
To rest me in a fairer Italy.

DIGBY MACKWORTH DOLBEN.





THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

T WAS festal day in Heaven,
And many a seraph came
With many a costly offering
To bless the Eternal Name.

On never-tiring wings
Of burning love they flew,
Cleaving their eager upward way
Through the cerulean blue.

Swift as the lightning's ray,
Which from the farthest East
Darts forth a beam of radiant flame
Unto the farthest West :

So, swiftly from each realm
Of wide Creation's bound,
The willing vassals gladly throng
The dazzling throne around :





Each meekly veils his face
 Beneath the shadowing wing,
Before the awful Majesty
 Of the Everlasting King :

Each bearing to his Lord
 Some mark of tribute meet ;
Some splendid service, to be laid
 Low at his Sovereign's feet.

One brings a virgin world,
 Whose habitations fair
And sinless, happy denizens
 Entrusted to his care,

He has preserved from harm—
 Has trained in holy fear ;
And now again resigns his charge,
 Meet for the Vision clear.



One leads in ponderous chains
A countless host of hell
Whom he has vanquished in the fight
With Lucifer who fell.

One tells that he has hung
In distant fields of space
A galaxy of rolling suns
For angels' dwelling-place.

One wakes to a new strain
The music of the spheres ;—
Rich harmonies till now unheard
E'en by celestial ears.

Then all in chorus join,
Raising a lofty song ;—
A theme of praise which never yet
Has fired archangel's tongue.



Yet, 'mid the shining train
Of bending Cherubin,
Is one whose offering prevails
A special grace to win :

He brings no spotless world,
No spoils of victory ;
He leads not with his voice or harp
The minstrelsy on high :

He bears no royal gift
Nor costly sacrifice ;
Of paltry worth it would be held
If weighed at this World's price :

Yet 'tis as rich and rare,
In sight of Heaven's King,
As all the trophies of success
Which flaming seraphs bring.





'Tis the first heavenward throb
Of a young heart's young love ;
Its fresh, full tide of gratitude
To Him Who dwells above.

Grateful as Spring's first flowers,
Lovely as earliest dawn,
Precious as in a mother's eyes
Her infant eldest-born ;

Pure as the deep blue lake
Which, 'neath the summer sky,
Mirrors the azure and the gold,
Unruffled by a sigh :

So dear in Jesus' sight,
So beautiful appears
The heart which gives itself to Him
In childhood's opening years.

WILLIAM EDWARD GREEN.





A DREAM OF PARADISE.



IN the mystic realm of slumber, in the quiet
land of rest,

Came to me a radiant vision of the Coun-
try of the Blest ;

Angels, through the silvery moonbeams, gliding
swiftly from the skies,

Brought to me from Eden's garden that fair Dream
of Paradise.

Foremost in a long procession, in her shining raiment
drest,

Came the one who, through all ages, bears a name
for ever blest ;

Queen of Heaven ! Spotless Lily ! walking in re-
splendent light



Which no mortal eyes can fathom, in the boundless
Infinite ;

Blessed Lady ! Mother Glorious ! dare I hope to see
thy face

In the Land where none can enter, save through the
redeeming grace

Of the Cross which gives us access into the Most
Holy Place ?

Those who in her steps had trodden, followed her, in
robes of white ;

Palms within their hands were waving, they were
crowned with gems of light.

They were there, the martyr-maidens, who had con-
quered in the strife ;

They were there, the meek and patient, who had
borne the Cross through life ;

Ransomed from Earth's tribulation—safe for ever in
the Fold ;





Passing 'neath the pearly gateway,—walking in the
streets of gold ;

And I heard their thrilling anthem floating o'er the
crystal sea—

“ Unto Him Who hath redeemed us, Glory, Praise,
and Honour be ! ”

But the dazzling vision faded—it was far too bright
to stay ;

In the rosy tints of dawning vanished the celestial ray.
Earthly chains are still around us, mortal prayers we
still must pray,

Pilgrims in the land of exile—waiting till the perfect
day

Breaks upon the distant mountains, and the shadows
flee away.

HELEN MONTAGU STUART.





THE BREAD OF LIFE.

WHEN by Thine altar, Lord, I kneel,
And think upon Thy love,
O make my heart Thy goodness feel,
Fix it on things above :
My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me ;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee ?

About to leave this wretched Earth,
On man Thy thoughts still bent,
Thy sacred boundless love gave birth
To this sweet Sacrament :

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me ;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee ?





O Manna, which my sovereign Lord
In pity left for me,
Without this majesty adored
What would this exile be ?
My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me ;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee ?

A desert land of woe and care,
A pilgrimage of strife,
Who could its griefs and trials bear.
Without this Bread of Life ?
My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me ;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee ?

My soul here finds a sovereign balm—
A cure for every grief,





The Bread of Life.

89

Mid care and pain a heavenly calm,
A solace and relief.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me ;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee ?

Supported by this Heavenly Bread,
My Lord's last pledge of Love,
With joy the rugged path I'll tread
To Horeb's mount above.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me ;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee ?


Strengthened by this, my soul its flight
Shall from this exile soar,
To dwell in realms of bliss and light
For ever—evermore.





My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me ;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee ?





RIVER THOUGHTS.

ON RECEIVING FROM AN OLD AND DEAR FRIEND
A BEAUTIFUL BOOK ON THE THAMES.



TEMPLE,¹ backed with tree and basel
with turf,
Cresting the bright blue reach:—an
ancient Lock,²

On whose worn gates the tiny wavelets knock
For entrance, and play round with mimick surf:

A Cell, once of religion—then of rakes,³
And now of pleasure-feastings underneath

¹ The Temple or summer-house on Fawley Island below Henley.

² Hambledon Lock.

³ Medmenham Abbey—and its “Franciscans.”





Old Trees, through which the river-breezes breathe,
And sound of voice and flute sweet music makes

From shallop, hasting homeward at grey eve :
White cliffs :¹ broad fall of waters at the Ford,²
Dove-cote, and Terrace-walk of soft green sward,³
Then an old Abbey,⁴ where a Boy⁵ would weave
Fancies⁶—afloat and drifting to and fro—
Wild fancies—that shall live while Thames' still
waters flow.

Such is the song that Memory sings
To me of homes and hours gone by ;
A tale of ne'er-forgotten things ;
A record that will never die :

¹ Danesfield Cliffs.

² Harley-ford, its falls and foot-bridge.

³ Hurley : Dove-cote and waterside walk, Lady-place.

⁴ Bisham.

⁵ Shelley.

⁶ "The Revolt of Islam," under its past name, "Laon and Cythna."





Stirred by those seven sweet mystic strings
Up, from the inmost heart, it springs—
The thought—that all Life's bygone brings
 Back to the eye ;
Old hearts, old haunts, old talks, old times,
Old Halls, old Towers, and old Church-chimes,
 Life's melody.

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW.





PURBROOK, HAMPSHIRE.



EASTWARD speed in gentle thought,
And climb the steep Portsdown,
Then the meek rivulet be sought
That winds beyond its crown :
As westwards tends the sunlight, round
On church and hamlet look,
And muse how meetly this fair ground
Is named from this Pure Brook.

This Brook is like the christened souls
Who in fair Purbrook dwell ;
The river-wave, the life-wave, rolls
Each from a secret well ;
But men may mark the streamlet's birth
Where wild birds build and sing ;
Who may trace back the Church on earth ?
Who shall declare its spring ?





Wilt trace it to the font's fair gleam,
Pure water purified,
Pure water from an earthly stream
Lost in a purer tide ?
There with the Everlasting Years
Is linked the life late given ;
There is no eye of sun-lit spheres
Gifted to pierce the Heaven.

Glassing the Sun upon its breast,
Gladdening the neighbour foil,
The stream, scarce noticed, flows to rest,
'T wixt the green banks of toil.
This is each faithful blood-bought foul,
They who still heav'nward look
To seek their being's Fount and Goal,
To lift their own Pure Brook.

A. MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.





HYMN AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.



H union wonderful and true !
Oh, Love ! oh, blifs beyond compare !
What can the heart enraptured do
When God Himself is there ?

After communion what is earth ?
Life seems indeed but vanity :
Its brightest hours are never worth
One moment spent with Thee.

This moment does the work of years,
The foul hath drunk a joy so deep
That she may bid farewell to tears,
Such as Earth's children weep.

Jefus ! be Thou my hidden reft,
Reign over me fupreme, alone ;
The deareft wifh within my breaft
Is to be all Thine Own !



Hymn after Holy Communion. 97

And now, if to my daily strife
I must return, and bear my part ;
Do Thou, my Lord, my Light, my Life,
Keep to Thyself my heart !

Hold it, that it may never stray,
Loft in a World of sin and care,
Fix it in the unerring way
Of discipline and prayer.

Give me Thy blessing, Lord, again ;
And I will fight beneath Thine Eye,
And win, perchance, through days of pain,
A glorious victory.





SALVE MI ANGELICE.

A HYMN FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF
GUARDIAN ANGELS.



HAIL! my guardian spirit, hail!
Angel ever blessed,
Who of light within the veil
Thoroughly art possessed;
Thou of God Almighty hast
Beatific vision,
Sweet for ever to the taste,
Unalloyed fruition.


When the spirits proud were cast
Into death undying,
Thee did God establish fast,
Heavenly grace supplying :



In His paths preserved thee,
Spirit true and tender,
And commissioned thee to be
My weak soul's defender.

Therefore I with bended knee
Bow myself before thee,
And upraising suppliantly
Heart and hands, implore thee,
'That, with ever-watchful art,
Thou to-day wouldst aid me,
Lest the adversary's dart
Subtly should invade me.

May my body from distress
Be by thee protected,
Be all thoughts of wickedness
From my mind rejected :





Everywhere and always speed
From the foe to hide me,
And in thought and word and deed
Be at hand to guide me.

Cleanse all past and present faults
From my mind's intention,
And, when evil next assaults,
Grant thy intervention.
O console and care for me,
Cherish me in trouble,
Purge, enlighten perfectly,
And my zeal redouble.

Pray that I remission find
Of the Judge's sentence,
So to share my joy of mind
On my true repentance ;





Salve mi Angelice.

101

Living as shall please Him best
Unto my life's closing,
All my longings aye at rest,
All on Him reposing.

In the hour of death, bestow
Thy true consolation ;
Shield me from the watchful foe,
Bid me take my station,
Where the hosts of heaven among
In God's courts attending,
I may join the praises sung
To His Name unending. Amen.

H. W. MOZLEY.





A LEGEND OF THE WEEPING
WILLOW.

WHITE were the stairs of marble stone,
But whiter were His Feet,
Flecked with the Blood that must atone
For the apple sickly-sweet ;
As He came down,
Each mocking clown
Arose the King to greet.

It was not yet the time of figs,
But trees were budding fair,
They stripped the lithe long willow-twigs,—
All things the crime must share !—
With rod and scourge
Their guilt to purge
Whose sins the Sinless bare.





A Legend of the Weeping Willow. 103

And red stains mar the marble stone,
And on the long green leaves
Are blood-drops, as the willow lone
Still hangs its head and grieves
By pool and flood,
Where the pale blue bud
The wreath of Memory weaves.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.





THE HOLY SOULS.

“The Souls of the righteous are in the Hands of God.”



ORD of the living and the dead,
Thy children seek Thine aid
For Souls who, in Thy Justice dread,
Suffer for debts unpaid.

Shut out from Thee their one sole Love,
They always languish fore
For cooling streams of bliss above,
And Heaven's wide-opened door.

In twilight gloom they patient wait,
Cross-bearers of their Lord ;
Stricken, until the prison-gate
Be opened at Thy word.





Not yet so cleansed and purified
That they may see Thy Face:
Not yet made meet, by suffering tried,
For Thine all-pure embrace.

Yet Thou dost love them, and Thy love
Is bliss amid their woe,
And for Thy sake the joys above
They readily forego.

O then make haste, good Christ! and hear
Our *De-profundis* cry;
Release the Souls, to Thee so dear,
Who patient waiting lie.

Refresh them parched, with gracious rains—
They long and thirst for Thee;—
Unloose their bonds, remit their pains,
And set Thy captives free.





Low at Thine altars here we bow,
With tears Thy Passion plead,
The spotless Victim lifted now
We offer for their need.

Soon give them welcome up above
In Home of blissful rest,
Fruition of Eternal Love,
And sight of Vision blest.

E. LOUISA LEE.





THE TROUVÈRE.¹



MAKE not songs, but only find :—
Love, following still the circling sun,
His carols cast on every wind,
And other finger is there none !

I follow Love, though far he flies :
I sing his song, at random found,
Like plume some bird of Paradise
Drops, passing, on our dusky bound.

In some, methinks, at times there glows
The passion of a heavenlier sphere :
These, too, I sing :—but sweeter those
I dare not sing, and faintly hear.

AUBREY DE VÈRE.

¹ The Greeks called the poet "the Maker." In the middle ages, some of the best poets took a more modest title—that of "the Finder."





HYMN OF PRAISE.

(*Psalm cxlviij.*)



RAISE, O praise the Lord of Heaven,
Praise Him, praise Him in the height ;
Sun and moon, for ever praise Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

Praise Him, praise Him, all His angels,
Praise Him, praise Him, all His host :
Praise the God of our Salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye Heavens,
And ye waters, that above,
From your everlasting fountains,
Rise in light and fall in love.





Hymn of Praise.

109

Praise Him, all ye deeps and dragons
Upon earth, praise ye the Lord ;
Fire and hail and snow and vapour,
Wind and storm, fulfil His Word.

Praise Him, all ye hills and mountains,
Cedars fair and fruitful trees,
Beasts and cattle, birds and insects,
Morning's light and evening's breeze.

Let them praise His Name Most Holy,
For He spake and they were made,
Laws which never shall be broken,
Deep in their foundations laid.

Kings below and all the people,
Princes, judges of the earth,
Young and old men, maidens, children,
Praise His Name of matchless worth.





For that Name, all names excelling,
From His people's hearts shall raise
To His own eternal dwelling
Endless songs of love and praise.

Praise, O praise the Lord of Heaven,
Praise Him, praise Him in the height;
Sun and moon, for ever praise Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light!

Praise Him, praise Him, all His angels,
Praise Him, praise Him, all His host:
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.





THE SHIP IN THE STORM.

“ The ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed
with waves.”



SAW “ the waves of this troublesome
world,” raging and dark and cold,—
Oh, who will guide in the stormy tide to
rest in the city of gold ?

The Lord has been to our realms of sin, and bought
us in Heaven a share,

But He is gone back on the angel’s track, and how
shall we reach Him there ?

Then a glance I cast through the long, long past ;
(its vista was nearly dark,)

And, through the haze of vanished days, discerned a
noble barque

Which the “ Carpenter’s Son,” that fearless One,
had built with His own right hand,

And in her those dear to His Heart while here,
embarked for their Fatherland.





The Workman is gone, yet crowds press on to that
fruit of His toil unpriced ;
All bear the sign of Love Divine, the holy Cross of
Christ.

The same sweet Light through storm and night is
guiding all to rest,
And, hand-in-hand, to toil for land, they should be
surely blest.

But some cannot view the lantern true, and to them
all days are dark ;
Some proudly rear, and think as clear, their candle's
little spark.

Some try to wile the brief summer's smile for ever
there to roam,—

Alas! to such is the voyage much, and little worth
their home.

Some look for light with aching sight, and tremble
day by day,

Left, though they strive to safe arrive, they should
be cast away.





The Ship in the Storm.

113

Some leave the rest, and boldly breast alone the open
wave,

And many die from far and nigh, and find an ocean
grave ;

Like drops of rain on the stormy main, their place is
known no more,—

O death and life! O toil and strife! when will
this scene be o'er ?

Y. N.





CORPORATE REUNION.



LORD, we know that all who love Thy
Name .

Are one in Thee; Thy Spirit's quick-
ening fire

Has wrapt their torpid nature into flame,
And given them oneness of intense desire
To mount towards Thee higher still and higher.
Yet are they widely severed to their shame
In outward worship: discord in the choir
Brings on their glorious Faith the sceptic's blame.
O turn we, therefore, schism-torn to Thee,
And ask that Thou wouldst make us whole again,
Not only in the Spirit's unity,
But in a visible communion;—then
The Holy Catholic Church indeed will be
Thy home, Thy tabernacle among men.

JOHN CHARLES EARLE.

Visitation of B. V. Mary, 1878.





SUPER FLUMINA.

THE vesper bell is pealing soft,
And I know that, far away,
The vesper hymn goes up aloft,
To lull the dying day ;
And a gentle Child on bended knee
Is pouring forth a prayer for me.

Pray, gentle spirit, far away,
By that sweet southern sea ;
I have need enough that day by day
Some prayer should rise for me,
Some incense to the eternal shrine,
From heart and lips as pure as thine.

I scarce could pray an hour ago,
A weight was on my heart,





But now it melts like morning snow,
And I can weep apart,
For thou art praying for me now,
And God will listen to thy vow.

Pray, gentle spirit ; prayer of mine
Is stained and flecked with earth,
But every snow-white prayer of thine
Is rich with Angel's worth ;
And mingling in the starry zone,
Those prayers shall purify mine own.

Sweet is the Ave-Mary bell,
In Mary's land of love,
And sweet the vesper hymns that swell
To Her dear Throne above ;
And sweet to me far, far away,
The hour when Mary's children pray.

Adieu, sweet Child, adieu to-night !
Christ keep thee safe from ill !





Thy dreams be sweet, thy sleep be light,
Good Angels guard thee still :
And God the Father from above
Smile on thee with a Father's love.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.





IMMACULATA.

COULD she, that Destined one, could she
On whom His gaze was fixed for aye,
Transgress like Eve, partake that Tree,
In turn the Serpent's dupe and prey ?

Had He no Pythian shaft that hour,
Her Son—her God—to pierce the Foe
That strove her greatness to devour,
Eclipse her glories ? Deem not so !

O Mary ! in that First Decree
He saw the assailer, sent the aid :—
Filial it was, His love for thee
Ere thou wert born ; ere worlds were made.





One Innocence on earth remained
By Grace divine, not Nature's worth,
And welcomed—through His Blood, unstained—
Redeeming Sanctity to earth.

AUBREY DE VERE.





ANOTHER FLEETING DAY IS GONE.

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,—
Slow o'er the West the shadows rise ;
Swiftly soft stealing hours have flown,
And Night's dark mantle veils the skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
Swept from the records of the year,
And still with each successive sun
Life's fading visions disappear.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
When all who in God's care confide
As their appointed work is done,
Rest in His love at eventide.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
But soon a fairer day shall rise,





Another fleeting Day is gone. 121

A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
All praise to God, as is most meet,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God th' all-holy Paraclete. Amen.

I.





IN GOD'S SIGHT.

WHY should we vex our foolish minds
So much from day to day,
With what concerning us an idle World
May think or say?

Do we not know there sits a Judge,
Before Whose searching eyes
Our inmost hidden being cleft in twain
And open lies?

O my Omniscient Lord and God!
Enough, enough for me,
That Thou the evil in me and the good
Dost wholly see.

Let others in their fancies deem of me,
Or say, whate'er they will,
Such as I am before Thy judgment-throne
So am I still.





Praise they my good beyond desert,
And all my bad ignore ;—
That am I which in Thy pure fight I am,
No less, no more !

Decry they all my good, and blame
My evil in excess ;—
That am I which in Thy pure fight I am,
No more, no less !

EDWARD CASWALL.





“THY KINGDOM COME.”

No. I.



HOW long, O Saviour, wilt Thou stay?—
How long Thy sure return delay?
While still Thy waiting Church doth pray
“Thy kingdom come.”

Didst not Thou teach the prayer, O Lord?
Hast Thou not passed the faithful word?
Oh! gird Thee with Thy conquering sword:
“Thy kingdom come.”

Are not the realms of Earth Thine own?
Come, then, and stablish here Thy throne:
In all the World reign Thou alone:
“Thy kingdom come.”



Jesu ! descend again from high ;
And while Thine armies fill the sky
Let Earth resound, and Heaven reply :
 “Thy kingdom come.”

Why lingereth Thy chariot still ?
When wilt Thou all the nations fill
With the glad praise of Sion’s hill ?
 “Thy kingdom come.”

Till then, oh ! keep us in the way
Which leadeth to Eternal Day ;
And grant us grace in faith to say :
 “Thy kingdom come.”

WILLIAM EDWARD GREEN.





“THY KINGDOM COME.”

No. II.



SAY not that hours are lonelier now and
darker
Than days were dark of yore,
Say not that wild winds moan old days' departure,
For sunshine lights the floor :

Yes, golden sunshine creeps through pane and portal
Up the dim wall,
Whence pictured faces look with smiling feature,
And voices seem to call :

Sunshine of Earth, bright type of heavenly glory,
Where come nor loss nor fears,—
Sunshine of Earth, flecked ever with dark shadows,
In this sad vale of tears.





“*Thy Kingdom come.*”

127

Round us such shades have deepened, paled the
gloaming,

Now Summer joys have fled,

Yet even in Winter come familiar greetings

And memories of the dead.

Until we pass, in Spring, Life's June, or Winter,

From this strange varying scene,

Bind us to those we loved, by living prayer-bonds,

Lord, keep their memories green :

Grey hairs and deep-veined fingers, cold and death-
struck,

With *De profundis* sung,

Faces so white and calm, the struggle over,

When chimes of hope were rung :

While round the death-biers little children fearful

Gathered with smile and tear,





128 “*Thy Kingdom come.*”

And little palms were joined in intercession
For those so loved and dear.

Past all the woes and sufferings, o'er the struggle,
No more the trumpet-call :
Past all the toil and all the strong temptation,
No weakness now, no fall.

As pants the hart for cool refreshing brooklets,
When heated in the chase,
So long the souls, O Lord, of our departed
To look upon Thy Face.

Patient and waiting for glad streaks of sunlight
To scare dark mists away,
Patient and waiting through the long night-watches
For God's all-peaceful day.

There bonds long-fevered, with sad separations,
By His divine decree,





“*Thy Kingdom come.*”

129

Shall be new-linked in that true home celestial
Before the crystal sea.

So [when bright spring-flowers gild the glad green
meadows,
And birds rejoicing sing,
Pray for the Resurrection-morning's beauty—
Look for the Church's King.

Or here, when Autumn's reddening touch fo
changeth
Leaf, floweret-bloom, and lea,
Ask we to tread the good God's garden homewards,
And eat of Life's rich Tree.

We still miss friends, and grieve o'er their departure,
Hands cold and voices dumb,—
Join us anew where separations are not,
O Lord, Thy Kingdom come !





130

“*Thy Kingdom come.*”

So, as at sleeping-place, poor pilgrim-strangers,
Thine Own loved Prayer we pray,
We look back from the empty tomb of Easter,
On to the breaking Day.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.





THE TWO CROWNS.



MADE myself a myrtle crown ;
I crowned myself with leaves and
flowers ;

All day I lay in rosy bowers,
All day till the sweet sun went down.

The myrtle withered on my head,
My crown became a crown of pain,
I could not pluck it off again,
With those dead leaves my heart seemed dead.

All night, all night, without relief,
I wandered, while the stars were bright,
I wandered all that weary night,
And all my soul was sick with grief.





But when then morning broke once more,
And all the hills were rosy fair,
I found a ruined chapel there,
I passed the little chancel door :

The Holy Altar glittered cold,
Altar and Crofs were broken all,
The mofs was thick upon the wall,
The day-fpring tinged its tufts with gold.

I knelt before the broken shrine,
I could not speak for sobs and tears,
I could not pray for wildering fears,
The ruin of that fane was mine.

Long, long I knelt in my despair,
But when the fun in heaven was high,
A glory seemed to hover by,
I felt a Healing Prefence there.





So, when my grief was calmer grown,
I said, "My heart was dark within ;
O God, I finned a deadly sin,
I finned, to wear the myrtle crown."

I saw a Form of Beauty there,
A Form of Beauty heavenly bright,
A glorious Form of awful light,
A Form of Beauty fairest-fair.

I wept, and clasped His sacred Feet,
I wept and kissed them, as I lay :
He took my crown of pain away :
I wept, and all my tears were sweet.

Another crown I wear ev'n now,
A sweeter crown than in those bowers,
And part are Amaranthine flowers,
And part are thorns from His dear Brow.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.





EVENTIDE.

WHISPER the angel voices soft and kind,
More gentle than the summer even's wind
That murmurs playful o'er the deep,—
“Sleep, child of earth,” they say, “now take thy rest;
The twilight darkens in the glowing west,
Spirits around thee watch shall keep.”

Come floating on the breath of balmy air,
Sweet dreams of heaven, and of our loved ones there,
For ever in their Father's keep.
And whilst still Night stole on with silent tread,
Around me hovering, holy Angels said,
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

And comes anon, from yonder wooded hill,
The distant murmur of some hidden rill





That ripples down its stony bed.
And yet again I hear the angels' song,
By evening's dying breezes borne along,
"Sleep, sleep, still darkness reigns o'erhead.

"Rest, rest," I still hear wafted on the breeze,
That, sighing sadly through the shadowy trees,
Makes music always low and deep—
And comes once more the oft-repeated strain,
Re-echoed gently from yon darkening main,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

HEDLEY VICARS.





HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

GE give Thee thanks, O Lord our God,
For all the Saints Thy path who trod—
The path of pain, the path of death,
The path of Him Who triumpheth.

For they have braved the hour of flame,
The cross, the rack, the cord, the flame,
The dagger and the cup of woe,
If only Jesus they might know.

All this they counted not for loss,
For they were soldiers of the Cross :
They recked not of the grief or pain,
If only Jesus they might gain.

He is their Saviour, He their Lord,
He their exceeding great reward ;





Hymn for All Saints' Day.

137

Though lost be all that fills our cares,
If Him they have, then all is theirs.

From us their forms have passed away—
Mere viewless spirits, mouldering clay—
Some live upon the life of fame,
Some leave no vestige but a name.

But when shall sound the trump of doom,
To call the tenants of the tomb,
A mighty army they shall stand,
Arrayed in white at God's Right Hand.

A mighty host, to man unknown,
In glory ranged around the Throne ;
He knows His own Who ruled the strife—
Their names are in the Book of Life.

GERARD MOULTRIE.





THE GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

“Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.”—ST. PAUL,

“I believe in the Communion of Saints.”—*Apostles' Creed.*



ONE for them the time of sorrow, passed
for ever toil and pain,
Weeping eyes and weary spirits, stumbling
feet, or moil or stain ;
No more death nor sin can touch them, they are
safely folded now,
Great the guerdon of their patience, bright the crowns
upon their brow.

Once, like us, they knew of weakness, of temptation's
power, and shame,
But their God was near to help them, for they
trusted in His Name ;
So victoriously they triumphed, though, like us, in
war they strove,





The Great Cloud of Witnesses. 139

Now they gaze upon His beauty, Who, like them,
we strive to love.

But, though rapt in ceaseless worship, round the
Lamb's high throne in light,
Though impassible exultant, bathed in fathomless
delight ;
Still from out the golden bulwarks, where the angels
throng around,
Mark they well our faltering footsteps as we march
through hostile ground.

Mindful are they of our victories when from sin we
turn away,
When, our burdens laid aside, we walk as children of
the day :
Yes, they yearn with love for sinners, long to greet
those exiles dear,
And to share with them the laurels when the fight
is ended here.





140 *The Great Cloud of Witnesses.*

Ask we then their prayers to aid us—know they not
the gifts we need?

Who on earth being strong to battle, still are strong
to intercede :

Filled while here with love's compassion, pity now
for each they know ;

Seek we then their willing succour, help to triumph
o'er the foe.

He will hear them, Who has promised, "What ye ask
ye shall receive ;"

And His grace shall flow upon us who in His sure
word believe ;

Bound and bonded in communion with each other
and the Trine,

Where the light is ever lustrous, and the peace is all
divine.

*The Authoress of "THE DEPARTED
AND OTHER VERSES."*





UNKNOWN GRAVES.

THE grass is rank, the shades are deep,
Where the unknown their slumber keep,
The early sunlight, saffron-new,
Scarce smites the grass or gilds the dew ;—
Unprayed for, tended not, they wait,
Those Holy Souls, outside God's Gate.

Beyond the Church's northern wall
Only day's noon-tide glories fall,
Here—dawn and morn, soft eve, dark night
Above—no change, unfading light ;
Yet round glide angel-guardians nigh
To hear a plaint and heed a sigh.

No crosses mark those northern graves,
No flowers adorn, no yew-tree waves ;





Unknown, uncared for, there they lie,
Under the chill of wintry sky,
Or, under light of July's sun,
Lorn and forgotten every one.

Pas no lone nameless sleeper's bed,
For once on such Heaven's dew was shed :
By sudden death, by wasting pain,
God called them to Himself again :
Pray then for Souls who longing wait
To enter Sion's golden gate.

The grass is rank, deep shadows lie
Under charged cloud or golden sky ;
Not by the Church's southern plot
Where rose blooms with forget-me-not,
But for all Souls whose bodies rest
Under the northern churchyard's breast.

When chimes for mass ring out at morn
O'er snow-clothed vales or ripening corn,



Gather within the open door
God's dews of mercy to implore
For Souls unknown, in Christ new-born,
Waiting, unprayed for, lone and lorn.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

Littlemore, September, 1874.





MANET SABBATISMUS.

WHEN man abode in Paradise,
There was in gardens once
A perfect rest defying price ;
But man, so eager to be wise,
Hath proved himself a dunce,
That toileth still and straineth :
And yet a rest remaineth.

The serpent dwelt in Paradise,
A good beast and a kindly,
But Satan coming, tempter-wise,
Filled all the poor beast's mouth with lies,
And Eve she listened blindly ;
And living-kind complaineth :
And yet a rest remaineth.





By wells of water, where the trees
Bow down to kiss the flowers
That, anchored, rock in morning breeze,
And spread their silver chalices
To catch the morning showers,
No final rest man gaineth :
And yet a rest remaineth.

In tender voice, in song of bird,
In psaltery's soft rhyming,—
So sweet because more felt than heard,—
In sound of kisses, timing
The hours that ask no chiming,
There is no rest : earth waneth :
Only the rest remaineth :

Remaineth in a garden-ground
Where groweth Rose and Lily,
Remaineth where the waters found,





Where never winds blow chilly,
Nor harsh voice echoes shrilly,
Where the Rose-lily reigneth,
There the true rest remaineth !

A little while, a little heat,
A little loneliness,—
And endless time that grows more sweet,
And warmth with no distress,
And fellowship to bless
His rest who rest obtaineth :
The final rest remaineth.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.





COMPLINE HYMN.



COME, blest Redeemer of the Earth,
Shew to the World a Virgin-Birth,
Let all the wondering ages know
Which birth befits our God below.

Not of the seed of mortal race,
By mystic Breath of heavenly grace,
The Word of God, in flesh arrayed,
True offspring blooms of Mother-maid.

The Virgin bears the Burthen pure,
And Ever-virgin doth endure ;
Like pennon bright her graces shine,
And God is in His hallowed shrine.

The Bridegroom from His chamber springs,
Meet palace of the King of kings,
True God, true Man, in Person One,
Like giant glad His course to run.





From Sire in Heaven He goeth forth,
To live in Heaven returns from Earth,
Descending e'en to Hell's abode,
Ascending to the Throne of God.

Eternal Sire's co-equal Son,
Thy fleshly girdle gird Thee on,
The frailty of our mortal plight
To strengthen with immortal might.

Full brightly shines Thy manger-bed,
And Night herself new light doth shed,
A Light on which no night shall close,
Aye bright to Faith as when it rose.

To God the Father in the height,
And to the Son, True Light of Light,
And Holy Ghost all glory be,
Now and through all eternity. Amen.





LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE blasts of chill December found
The farewell of the Year,
And Night's swift shadows gathering
round
O'ercloud the soul with fear ;
But rest you well, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn :
December's darkness brings again
The light of Christmas morn.

The welcome snow at Christmas-tyde
Falls shining from the skies :
On village paths and uplands wide
All holy-white it lies ;





It crowns with pearl the oaks and pines,
And glitters on the thorn ;
But purer is the Light that shines
On gladsome Christmas morn.

At Christmas-tyde the gracious moon
Keeps vigil while we sleep,
And sheds abroad her light's sweet boon
On vale and mountain-steep :
O'er all the slumbering land descends
Her radiancy unshorn ;
But brighter is the Light, good friends,
That shines on Christmas morn.


'Twas when the World was waxing old,
And Night on Bethlehem lay,
The Shepherds saw the heavens unfold
A light beyond the day ;



Such glory ne'er had visited
A World with sin outworn ;
But yet more glorious light is shed,
On happy Christmas morn.

Those shepherds poor, how blest were they
The angels' song to hear !
In manger cradle as He lay,
To greet their Lord so dear !
The Lord of Heaven's Eternal height
For us a Child was born ;
And He, the very Light of Light,
Shone forth that Christmas morn !

Before His infant smile afar,
Were driven the hosts of hell ;
And still in souls that childlike are
His guardian love shall dwell :






152

Light in the Darknes.

O then rejoice, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn ;
December's darknes brings again
The Light of Christmas morn.

NORVAL CLYNE.





FOR A YOUNG GIRL WITH A
BOOK OF CAROLS.

CAROL while yet thy life is in its spring,
For spring-tide is the time for carolling :
Sing while the dews are fresh, the day is
young ;

Sweet songs sound sweetest in the morning sung,
Ere yet the summer-noon, the winter-night
Harden the heart-springs, and the song-flowers
blight ;

And airs of youth and Carols "light as air"
Seem but the echoes of the things that were.

Up! the sons of God are singing

To the children of the plain ;

Up! the bells of Earth are ringing

Back to Heaven their glad refrain :

Up! the day-star forth is flinging

Lines of golden light, and stringing





Beads of dew thereon, to deck
With Love's necklace Morning's neck :
Up ! then, and on Music's string
Thread the pearls of song, and sing—

*In a lone bower far away
There is born a Babe to-day !*

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW.





REST.

“ There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.”



TOILERS in Life's vineyard,
Who sigh for perfect Rest,
Whose dim eyes, peering upward,
With weight of years oppressed,
Look for the blissful slumber
God gives to His beloved ;
Wait till the day is over,
And He the task has moved.

Here, where the long long morning
Melts into busy noon,
The hours are all unrestful,
But Evening cometh soon :





Lo on the lofty mountain
The first faint shadow lies,
And God will draw His curtains
Over the far-off skies.

Short slumbers has the pilgrim,
His ready staff in hand,
The soldier may but linger
Till the foe is in the land :
The child must hasten homeward
O'er hill and field and dell ;
And the golden gates are open
Where they each in rest shall dwell.

O weary heart, take courage !
O feet, march on awhile !
O busy hands, still labour !
Tired eyes shall see Him smile





Who has within His keeping,
Still waiting for your claim,
The perfect Rest of Heaven—
The gladness of His Name.

No storm disturbs the waters,
No wind shakes that repose ;
No trumpet calls to battle,
Nor triumph then the foes :
Though season follows season,
And year fades into year,
That rest is still remaining—
That Heaven shall still appear.

Take up the burden, Christian,
Bear thou, and labour on,
A little sorrow only
And the kingdom shall be won :





Only a few more footsteps,
And then the tranquil Rest ;
Only a few more longings,
And then the sheltering Brest.





ALL SAINTS' AND ALL SOULS' DAYS
AT ALL SAINTS', LAMBETH, 1877.

MUSING over friends departed, loved ones
known and missed and gone,
As November's sun was smiling speaking
summer to the morn,
Autumn-blooms were sweet and odorous in their
latest parting breath,—
Yet gazing upon Beauty I could only dream of
Death.

Golden shower-clouds drifting purpled up between
the Earth and sky,
Seemed to pause, as though thanks giving, ere like
tears they fell to die ;
Yet Earth in all its splendour was the goal where
both were borne,





160 *All Saints' and All Souls' Days*

For I looked not so far onward as the Resurrection-
morn.

As All Saints' Night went gliding by, she wreathed
the sacred hours

With glory from her coronal of everlasting flowers :
There came, but not from Earth, a Voice that
whispered of the Blest,

An echo from that far-off land in which the wan-
derers rest.

The World had sobbed itself to sleep, all-silent after
strife ;

The shades of Death had vanished in the rays of
endless Life ;

While that Voice Divine thrilled sweeter from the
Home where angels soar,

As It whispered " Saints are shining as the stars for
evermore."





At All Saints', Lambeth, 1877. 161

While the Holy Souls are thirsting for our Eucharists
and prayer—

Christ have pity ! Lady help them ! Mount they soon
the golden stair !

And may all at last God's mercy know, when sinking
on Earth's breast,

“Where the wicked cease from troubling and the
weary are at rest.”

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

All Saints', Lambeth,
Nov. 1, 1877.





AURORA.

I.



SUNFALL, and yet no night! Fire floods
the earth!

A molten rainbow flakes the northern
sky!

The Polar gates unclose; and gleaming forth
Troop the wild flames that glide and glare on high,
Tinged in their vaulted home with that deep
ruddy dye!

II.

Whence flash these mystic signals? what the scene
Where the red rivers find their founts of flame?
Far, far away, where icy bulwarks lean





Along the deep, in seas without a name :
Where the vast porch of Hades rears its giant
frame !

III.

The underworld of souls ! sever'd in twain :
One, the fell North, perplexed and thick with
gloom ;
And one, the South, that calm and glad domain,
Where asphodel and lotus lightly bloom
'Neath God's own Starry Cross, the shield of
peaceful doom.

IV.

No quest of man shall touch—no daring keel
Cleave the dark waters to their awful bourne :
None shall the living sepulchre reveal
Where separate souls must throng, and pause ;
and yearn
For their far dust, the signal, and their glad return.





v.

Ay ! ever and anon the gates roll wide,
When whole battalions yield their sudden breath ;
And ghosts in armies gather as they glide,
Still fierce and vengeful, from the field of death :
Lo ! lightnings lead their hosts, and meteors glare
beneath.

ROBERT S. HAWKER.

Morwenstow,
November 10, 1870.





MY HOME.



MY all good angels watch around my dwelling,
May holy spirits shield it with their care,
Each wayward thought within its precincts quelling:
I ask a blessing on it, in my prayer,
From Thee, O Lord, Who rulest everywhere.

Angel of sleep, O may'st thou ever carry
Unto its inmates visions fair and bright !
Angels of Peace and Love, within it tarry
And shed around this hearth thy radiant light :
Angel of Strength, defend it through the night.

Angel of Hope, when we are lone and dreary,
Whisper that dawn will follow midnight shade ;
Angel of Faith, when our sad hearts are weary,
Uplift thy regal banner undismayed
Before pale phantoms which make us afraid.





Home, whence I trust to pass to life immortal
When the calm sleep of Death hath closed mine
eyes ;

I look upon thee only as the portal
Of God's bright Mansion far beyond the skies—
Of the resplendent Home in Paradise !

HELEN MONTAGU STUART.





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INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
 HOUSE of prayer once consecrate	28
Another fleeting day is gone	120
As childhood wanes our dreams become less fair	72
A sad sweet end	35
A stately Palace of the Triune God	18
A Temple, backed with trees and basèd with turf	91
At morn I plucked a rose and gave it Thee	11
Babe, awake ! the sun is high	31
Brother ! after set of day	37
Carol while yet thy life is in its spring	151
Come, blest Redeemer of the earth	147
Could she, that Destined one, could she	118
Down below, the wild November whistling	1
Gone, for them, the time of sorrow, passed for ever toil and pain	138
Hail, my guardian spirit, hail	98
How long, O Saviour, wilt Thou stay ?	124
I made myself a myrtle crown	131
I make not songs, but only find	107
In the ancient story	73
In the mystic realm of slumber, in the quiet land of rest	84





	PAGE
I saw "the waves of this troublesome world," raging and dark and cold	111
Is this, indeed, our ancient earth?	20
Let the sun summon all his beams to hold	6
Lord of the living and the dead	104
May all good angels watch around my dwelling	165
Musing over friends departed, loved ones known and miffed and gone	159
Night falls apace, the shades grow long	41
O Eastward speed in gentle thought	94
O Lord, we know that all who love Thy Name	114
O to have wandered in the days that were	22
O toilers in Life's vineyard	155
Oh union wonderful and true	96
Praise, O praise the Lord of Heaven	108
Press each on each, sweet wings, and roof me in	76
Ruthlessly the bare bright wheel of antique Time goes round	13
Say not that hours are lonelier now and darker.	126
She was his playmate when a child: and in Life's golden hours	44
Sunfall, and yet no night! Fire floods the earth!	162
The blasts of chill December sound	149
The Vesper Bell is pealing soft	115
The day was done: beside the fultry shore	54
The grass is rank, the shades are deep	141





Index.

171

	PAGE
The World is very foul and dark	59
The sun shines bright and glorious, and the hill tops are illumed	62
Thy Hands have made me! in soul-saving flood	66
'Twas festal day in Heaven	79
We give Thee thanks, O Lord our God	136
When man abode in Paradise	144
When by Thine altar, Lord, I kneel	87
When tempests cease at close of day	69
Whisper the angel voices soft and kind	134
White is the colour of angels	56
White were the stairs of marble stone	102
Why should we vex our foolish minds	122

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